

We left Winchester in time to get to London by 3 1/2,  
& went at once to Mrs. Brooks' - The next morn. Dr.  
Gray & I went down to Kew, & arranged to take Mrs.  
Sears' diminutive lodgings until Mrs. Shepherd  
should be ready for us - Then we returned & spent  
pretty much the rest of the day shopping & looking  
up things - Saturday, bag & baggage, we departed to  
Kew, & squeezed as well as we could into our small  
quarters. It was a nice, sunny morn., but the day  
turned frosty, as it had the day before, & that night  
began in full force the gale, which seemed to have  
crossed the Atlantic, for hearing it on Wednesday -  
And it blew more or less for a week, particularly  
hard about at night, & threw a whirlwind in the  
middle of the day, & the accounts of mischief on the  
sea-board were severe - Much rain, so that getting  
out was uncertain - But I went to see Mrs. Weston,  
& she & Dr. H. came to see us, & Dr. Engelmann dined  
with us, & he dined with him at the Hooker's on Tues-  
day, & they had much to tell of their visit to Russia,  
in the Spring - Wednesday we moved in to Mrs.  
Shepherd's, & we made ready for Charles & the girls -  
Family expected them until Saturday, but got letters  
Saturday morn. saying they were waiting in Portugal  
for the Gale to go down - At last they arrived on

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My dear Sue,

The next thing after the Cather-  
al we must see famous Winchester College  
or school, founded by William of Wykeham -  
The boys are called Wykehamites & are admitted  
at 12, if not younger. Our old friend, Mr. Percy's  
young son has just succeeded in getting in on the  
foundation, as they call it, & if he goes on well,  
that gives him a chance for a scholarship in  
some Oxford College, <sup>or some College & then a fellowship</sup> - We went through a deep  
arched gateway into a courtyard, round which  
were the garden & end. Masters' houses, under  
one of them, through another arched gateway, into  
a paved courtyard, the dormitories on the two  
sides, & opposite us the Chapel, & at one corner  
the stairs <sup>steps</sup> lead up into the dining-room, one  
story up - The Chapel is not large, but hand-  
some, & in the ante-chapel, tablets to the Wyke-  
hamites who fell in the Crimean war, mostly  
young men - The dining-room has a raised end,  
where are colored glass windows, presided by old  
scholars, as are the Chapel windows - Below at the  
sides, the windows are high up - Below, the walls  
panelled with dark wood & plain wooden tables

& solid benches running down, so solid & strong they looked as if they might be as old as the hall itself. In the centre another table, on which the food is placed. On it was a leather pitcher in which the beer is brought. Until about 20 years ago they always drank from the one pitcher, which was passed round, a "black jack". There was also a sq. bit of wood, six inches, & on that they have their bread & butter, or bread & cheese. The old porter who shewed us round, said with great pride, they now had plates for hot meat, & table cloths, & each a cup for coffee or tea. But twenty years ago they had nothing but bread & cheese & beer, & at dinner a certain allowance of meat, a sheep cut up & so much mutton each. Now three times a week they had hot breakfast, rather a weak indulgence he seemed to think. Ham & eggs was one hot breakfast, as far as I could make out. Then the school-room was in another space beyond, a rectangular brick building, not nearly so old as the other buildings; but I could not but think what would our boys say to be asked to sit on the rough, wooden benches, some 200 years old, so solid they promise to last 200 years longer, & for desks, heavy, wooden boxes, a lead lid inside supporting the books, & the boy sitting on the corner

of short benches, which ran across connecting the parallel rows of benches! - They have to sit with their feet in a side-tray. Wonderfully rough & rude it was. - The head master had a high chair, <sup>with a red cushion</sup> at one end, the lower on each side, the 2nd master at the other end. - The cloisters open out from the ante-chapel, very quiet surrounding the green square, & a mortuary chapel in the middle, now used as a library for the masters. - The boys are not permitted now in the cloisters, they did too much mischief, cutting their names &c., & they are used as a tanyard-ground. - But they have a fine green play-ground of some acres farther back. - He looked into a dormitory on going out. It was all as rude & primitive. - Each boy had a narrow bed, & a sort of secretary containing drawers for clothes, cup-board for books, & desk to study. - There were fixed basins at one side, & some men preparing the rooms for the scholars return, were scouring out hot bath-tubs. - Still the whole impression was that English boys get a rougher training than ourselves, & I should think it might make them more hardly & less dependent on comforts. - The man said the birch was still kept, though more for show now than use. - 4 rods tied in to a turned wood handle. -

& Miss Sulivan drove Katharine & me back to Putney  
Station - Unfortunately Lizzie had lost a filling of a  
tooth & had to go to London to have it replaced, & Dr.  
Fray had to go to town too - He must just miss a  
train, & that made nearly an hour to wait - So  
what does Miss S. do, but drive K & me quite back  
to Kew! - She had wanted us to go to lunch with  
her, but I had letters to finish, & things to get  
ready for going off next day -

Saturday noon, the 25th, we that is Dr. Fray & I,  
took train to London, & there met Mr. Flower who  
is the Professor & has charge of the museum of Col-  
lege of Surgeons, he was to take us to pass Sunday  
with his father at Stratford on Avon - He has been  
quite sick & is only recovering - His wife had come  
to put him in the car, a pleasant, bright, little lady.  
Charles & the girls were to go to Warwick to pass  
Sunday, & meet us Monday to see Stratford -

We went by train to Warwick, where Mr. Flower's  
carriage waited for us, & we had a fine drive thro'  
picturesque old Warwick & fine English scenery,  
Edge Hill of Cromwell memory shutting the horizon,  
& quaint old houses & picturesque cottages with  
deep thatch, fine avenues of trees, pretty parks &  
grounds to vary the scene, with freshly ploughed  
fields & green pastures covered with very fat sheep &  
great flocks of flocks of swain - Ever affely, Jane Fray -

Saturday Ev. at dusk, & very glad was I to see them<sup>(2)</sup>  
again - Charles took our little rooms at Mrs. Seant-  
Monday we went up to London & did sundry  
important shoppings, & Tuesday kind Miss Suliv-  
an had written back us all to 5 o'clock tea -  
She was in fresh mourning for her Aunt Lady Pelham  
Erton, who had died the week before quite sudden-  
ly - We walked about & admired her lovely lawns,  
& the pretty flower-beds, which seemed to have taken  
a fresh lease since the rain - Katharine & Lizzie played  
croquet with her little niece, & Charles & I sat & talked  
& we were presently joined by Dr. Fray. We sat some  
time looking into the lovely green-house, opening by  
an ante-chamber from the parlour, & then went into  
the drawing-room where <sup>are</sup> some superb Turkish em-  
broideries Miss Sulivan brought from Constantinople,  
now added to all the other lovely things - Miss S.  
drove us ladies home in two open carriages, Dr. Fray  
& Charles going by rail - Wednesday was a lovely  
morn'g, soft & sunny, & we took a carriage for Hamp-  
ton Court, going through Richmond Park, which  
was very charming - The view from Richmond  
Hill just before you reach the Park, is very fine -  
The Thames flowing beneath, & the wooded land-  
scape stretching away in soft, misty outlines - The  
trees are old & striking in the park, the deer were  
lying or browsing in full sight, & as there is a foot

of up & down & gentle hills, there was variety enough  
Of course we stopped on the famous spot where it  
is said Henry VIII stood to watch for the signal from  
the White Tower in London that Anne Boleyn was be-  
headed, that he might gallop off to Tricheham below  
to marry Jane Seymour! - Hampton Court is very  
stately, a little formal, & somewhat grand - The  
rooms are spacious, & the windows so large they give  
a bright, pleasant look to them - There are interesting  
historical portraits, many of which we have seen  
engraved - 3 of Elizabeths, one of Mary Queen of Scots,  
& many of Charles 1st & 2nd's times - Not an honest  
face among Sir Peter dely's beauties! - But the charm  
of Hampton Court is the gardens, which though for-  
mally laid out as suits the palace, are so beautiful,  
with broad levels of green turf & rows of dark firs,  
larger trees making background & avenues in the dis-  
tance, & bright beds of flowers in brilliant patches  
& stripes to brighten it all - We went to the side  
garden & green-house, & see the wonderful grapes  
vine, which bears 300 lbs. of grapes, & 1000 bunches!  
And we drove back through Tricheham, passing  
Knaresborough's Strawberry Hill, & the hall of the  
Duke d'Anville's place, & crossing the Thames again  
at Richmond, which is so pretty, with green wooded  
banks! We did not get back until nearly 6, & was  
very much aggravated & disappointed & see Dr. & Mrs.  
Wymon just leaving our fate to go back to London!

And so I lost my only chance of seeing them! -  
The next day Charles & the girls went to Windsor,  
& Friday we met Miss Sulivan at Putney & she  
took us in her carriage to Battersea Park -  
This is one of the new, large parks, recently laid  
out for the people - Great fields of smooth green  
lawn for cricket grounds, beautifully bordered with  
trees & bushes & groves - Gay flower beds, in stripes  
& borders & patterns, at the entrances - Some flowers,  
scarlet geraniums, yellow & blue violets, lobelia, helio-  
tropes &c. &c.; others done with the colored foliage so  
much in vogue - But the most interesting part  
is what they call the sub-tropical garden, where  
the experiment is tried of planting, in sheltered  
places, tropical things that are taken in in  
winter - Whole beds of fine Cannas of many kinds,  
dwarf palms, & Cycases, mass Cuscuta that fine  
showy banana with a red mid-rib to the leaf,  
& very many very striking things in ground, great  
leaves of various shades of green - It is all in little  
hillocks, behind & among which wind the paths,  
so the effect is very picturesque & beautiful, & a  
little pond like stream adds to the <sup>scene</sup> effect, with  
black swans in one part & white in another - And,  
as I say, by the law of natural selection, the black  
swans not being half so handsome as white swans,  
don't carry themselves half so gracefully - We left  
Charles there, as he wanted to look & attend to articles

Settle, low, close rooms they were - She showed us down  
stairs, an old high-backed settle, as old, she said, as  
Shakespeare's time, & called "the courting settle." And  
made us look up the wide chimney, where one could  
literally sit in the corner - Then she pulled, in the  
little, old garden, some lavender & worm-wood, "Southern-  
wood," she called it - I enclose a spray, & all the senti-  
mental ones may each have a bit to put in their  
albums - And fancy it the same plant Shakespeare  
pulled from - We drove back to Mr. Horner's for  
lunch; Dr. Gray had gone to see the Brewery mean-  
time, & join Mr. J. - We had a charming dinner  
lunch, & nothing could be more kind & hospitable  
than they all were. Even the parist, always sociable,  
screamed & whistled, talked & laughed in grand style,  
a wonderfully sweet, clear whistle, & daintily it cat,  
holding a morsel in its claw as a hand! - We left  
Dr. Gray to go back to New by Oxford, & I started with  
C. & the girls for Warwick, driving round thro' Char-  
lote & seeing the famous park & Lucy House, an old,  
stately, Elizabethan mansion - And such a park,  
fine sweeps, grand trees, herds of deer; & then,  
facing the house, across the road, a grand avenue  
of elms, - most grand & majestic - We got to War-  
wick at dusk - And so good night all & much  
love from your affectionate J. P.

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My dear Sue,  
Monday morn. Charles & L. K. drove  
over from Warwick, & we joined them to see Strat-  
ford. They were charmed as we had been with  
Mr. Flowers' house - It is a new building, but ad-  
mirably arranged for comfort & beauty both - A  
large drawing room, with the most lovely &  
thoroughly English views from its two great win-  
dows, & the dining-room opening into a pretty,  
round conservatory, with a jet in the middle.  
Our chamber above had the same views, one view  
down looking towards Stratford, the <sup>hilly</sup> meadows  
with trees, <sup>farther off</sup> the roofs of the town mixed in with  
trees, the spire of Shakespeare's church rising  
among them, & the distant hills fading off into  
round softness - Eyraning give a wonderful idea  
of English landscapes! They are so almost always  
hazy & variations of colour lost, that it is more a  
distinction of light & shade, & then a soft roundness  
& richness & every thing, very charming in its way.  
We drove through Stratford streets which is  
more of a town than I had thought; the church  
is on the farther side, near the river. (As soon it is  
just Asow, the a as the first letter of the Alphabet.)  
It is in a large churchyard, filled with graves,  
some of yesterday covered with flowers, others ~~also~~

old that design & inscriptions are both gone & only  
the outline of the stone left. There are nice  
trees too - And the church is large & handsome,  
newly fitted up inside, with fine timbered  
roof - The chancel opens broadly into the  
church, separated by a screen - And the  
altar railing is almost just underneath Shakes-  
peare's bust & monument in the wall - ~~And~~ The  
stone over his grave lies a few feet from the wall,  
in front of the altar railing; next is his grand-  
daughter, <sup>his last descendant</sup> then his daughter's husband, then the  
daughter herself - I espied roughly the inscrip-  
tion on her stone, but cannot recall the last line.

Nitty above her sex, but that's not all,  
Trice & Saloatias was good Mistress Hall;  
Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this  
Whoddy of him with whom she's now in bliss.

Then passengers have here a tear  
To weep for her who wept with all  
That weep; but also strove to cheer  
Them up with comfort cordials -

Her love shall last her money spread  
When thou hast need a tear to shed -

The two last lines I can't get right - The spelling  
is as it was - They have colored the bust of Shakes-  
peare again, as it was originally - In the nave are  
some queer, quaint old figures - A knight & his wife

in full costume - The lady's head dress hanging  
down over her cushion behind. And the present  
family pew surrounds the old figures of the an-  
cestors - We stopped in at Mr. Charles Howitt,  
(one of the sons) garden & the lovely river view,  
& then went on to Shakespeare's house - Saw the old,  
old kitchen & sitting room, the rude up-stairs  
chamber where he was born, & all the curiosities  
collected from various times & places - They make  
a sort of museum of part, some of the interesting  
things was the immense number of editions of his  
works of every size & style - The rooms are small &  
low, & as Mr. Poutin said about America, "I don't  
think there could have been much comfort in  
those days." The house now stands quite alone, the  
front on the street & a pretty garden on the three  
other sides - The house Shakespeare altered himself  
& died in, was pulled down some years ago - Then  
being sentimentally inclined, we drove away thro'  
country roads to Ann Hathaway's cottage, just  
like the pictures, only instead of crossing fields to  
get to it, it is on the road - The woman who showed  
it was very good natured, took us up stairs to see  
an old panelled bed with quaint carvings, "come down"  
in the Hathaway family, then sheets & pillow-case of  
that time, with open work stitched in the hems & seams  
by drawing threads & working over, wonderfully elaborate!